21: Fisher S-6 (no date) 1950 M1 Middle East
Bedouin MJ4

On occasion when supplies are plentiful the Badawin eat copiously, because the time and scale of the next meal may be uncertain. In general, the standard of nutrition of the Badawin is low—in the opinion of some, below the level necessary in other regions to sustain life. As a result, the Badawin are small, even stunted, and lightly built, though their physical powers and endurance are great. Life is, however, very hard; and by forty, particularly in the case of women, old age has begun. Fifty years is a long life for a nomad.

One means of supplementing the deficiencies in arid areas is by raiding. Amongst Badawin the *rhazw* (*razzia* or *rezzou*) is a recognised activity amounting almost to sport, but it also fulfils a definite economic function. The effects of a bad season are mitigated, as when rains have failed in the desert, the Bedu has a choice of taking what he requires by force from other people, or of starving. The word 'sport' has been used, because although fundamentally a serious matter, Badawin raids are conducted under certain conventions—almost, one might say, rules.[1] Rapid, unlooked-for coups, using cunning and guile, are most favoured: bloodshed is as far as possible avoided, though goods, womenfolk, and children become the property of the victors under a kind of slavery. Successful leadership in tribal raids is the means by which personal reputation and power is built up: King Ibn Saud, originally a dispossessed desert nomad, has gained absolute power in Arabia through successful tribal encounters on an increasingly large scale. Badawin raids may be directed against other tribes, but frequently, toll is levied on agricultural settlements on the fringe of the desert. Less able to resist, and with more at stake than the nomad, settled cultivators sometimes remain under permanent tribute to Badawin tribes, and supply a quantity of needed foodstuffs to their overlords. The name *khaoua* (tribute of friendship) is applied to such transactions. Raiding is now declining, because of increasing control by local governments, but in addition to the political problem presented in controlling outbreaks, there is the economic factor of providing alternative occupation to ensure a livelihood.[2] Though declining, the practice is still not extinct. For as recently as 1946, J. C. Crowfoot could write, 'Arabs are now raiding each other in Fords and Chevrolets'.

[1] There are only three sources of amusement or distraction in Badawin life: conversation round a coffee hearth, family life, and raiding.

[2] Cf. the decline in population of the Barbary coastlands since the suppression of piracy in the Mediterranean. There, precisely the same economic factor was involved.

12: Glubb G-3 (1930-1946) 1945 MG1 Jordan

desert like a bird is a European illusion. The bedouin, it is true, will make his camel gallop in a battle. Good riding camels will travel at a jog-trot for considerable distances. But a journey of several hundred miles is chiefly performed at a walk. The camel covers long distances owing to its powers of endurance and the hardihood of its rider. Twenty hours' riding a day at five miles an hour makes a hundred miles, and four hours' rest will often suffice the bedouins.

These long hours of slow movement are sometimes an intense weariness. The country traversed is often featureless or only slightly undulating plains. The saddle, a wooden framework with a goat-skin and saddle-bag thrown over it, soon rubs sores on the thighs of the beginner.

The worst enemy of the inexperienced camel rider is the heat and glare, especially near Iraq or on the shores of the Red Sea, for the uplands of the hinterland are cooler. On our crossing of the Syrian desert, however, we suffered not from the heat but from the cold. Not a tree or a cliff was to be found to break the violence of that cutting north wind, which seemed to howl around us day and night. It blew round our legs as we sat shivering on our camels, it bore away our voices so that we could not hear one another speak. It filled our stale bread and sticky dates with sand when we dismounted to eat.

Occasionally this dumb and hopeless misery was forgotten in a wild alarm, a glimpse of raiders, a swift flight down little valleys. Once topping a small ridge, we came in sight of a group of camelmen riding towards us at a range of only a few hundred yards. Qasim, who had the raider's eye for country, raced down into a little hollow on our right. Keeping in low ground, we hit our camels sharply and dashed on at top speed. Suddenly our leader pulled up, jumped off, hobbled his camel and ran forward up a low ridge. We followed his example as best we could, and flung ourselves on the ground a few yards from him, loading as we did so. The other party had not seen us, and by raising my head slightly I could see them riding along, unconcernedly talking together. They were within close range now. The gear on their saddles and the fact that they were driving a camel laden with sacks proved that they were not raiders. Qasim suddenly stood up